

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]  
Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]  
Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]  
With dj scott larock and krs-one  
[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-babababababababa]  
With d-nice you know the job is done  
And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]  
I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]  
Breath control.. here's an example  
I appeal, to the +criminal minded+  
You can't find it, boy you're still blinded  
Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin  
Get a prescription to listen  
Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap  
You're gettin left back, set back, kept back  
Get back, I don't accept that material  
Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal  
I like clarity, so when you come here  
Speak clear and concise and then I might give  
A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back  
If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!  
Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left  
The radical sounds of krs  
What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess  
Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?  
But - yup yup - as it always turns out  
You get burned out, your rhymes just run out  
I immediately come out, boomin dope and  
Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope  
Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string  
When I sing, I sing to try and bring  
Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it  
Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it  
Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty  
You're unworthy to think that you can serve me  
You heard me? these styles are universal  
You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll  
Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin  
Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh  
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]

That's it, that's it, that's it  
Break is over, back to the track  
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack  
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like  
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic  
The radical rebel at level fifteen  
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?  
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed  
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room  
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum  
But all, capital krs-one  
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p  
Takin mc's out constantly!  
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel  
You steal, come before me and kneel but  
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace  
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy  
And I just ain't wack  
I feel that you should get an understanding  
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming  
Hypothetically, or in reality  
Takin you out, is a small technicality  
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one  
Comes in handy, while I diss some  
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself  
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf  
Labelled, sucker boy style  
I like to do it every once in a while..